

DYLAN THOMAS' MADONNA

finds the book in the book
case of a room she rarely
goes in it smells like

old clothes she puts one
sleeve in wondering how
the verbs ever fit pulls

the neck over her letting
it blur sunday she does
this slowly as if the

wool might dissolve
or moths hatch and
fly up like lotus

seeds buried 800 years
that sprout under water
some of the poems are like

taffeta lavender dresses
or rhinestones over
stiff crinoline but

but the ones she
slides into easily
feel like an old

chenille bathrobe
a soft sweatshirt
as easy to wear and still warm

-- lyn lifshin

Niskayuna NY